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BY RAB HAIGH.

## INTRODUCTION.

What the diamond is compared to other jewels, so is the wondrously fair island of Crete to even the most favored spots elsewhere on the globe.

Long centuries before written history began, it was already the home of a brave, handsome, gifted race, whose men were valiant warriors and whose women were the most beautiful the sun shone on.

They ruled far and wide over the blue, sunlit seas of the Grecian archipelago, they cultivated the land, and the people of less cultivated countries were glad to copy, they made their island the birth-place and seed-home of all European civilization, and Homer sings that 100 rich and populous cities graced the fertile plains and verdant mountain slopes of this gem of the eastern Mediterranean.

No other spot on earth is so rich in legends and traditions—none so crowned with the glories of poetry and song.

Majestic Mount Ida, whose slopes, clothed with olive and myrtle, rise from the fruitful vineyards to the eternal snows, was the fabled home of the Olympian gods, and there he delighted to gather around him all his family of gods and goddesses.

Minoes, the first King of Crete, was a son of Zeus, every personage mentioned in ancient history or mythology is, somehow, connected with Crete, and there St. Paul found the "fair havens" where his fair vessel would be persuaded the Centurion and the master of the ship to remain during the winter.

Alone of all the peoples of the world the Cretans have preserved their purity of race and dignity of character amid all the vicissitudes of the centuries. For 1,000 years they fought successfully against the mighty power of Rome, and only submitted after the rest of the world had.

For eight centuries they were under the rule of Rome and Byzantium, and for 400 years under that of the Venetian Republic. They held out against the overwhelming Turks for 24 well-fought years, and never completely yielded the whole of their island to the hated Osmanli.

Through the endless procession of the centuries the Cretan people have remained separate, distinct and defiant. Too small to successfully resist conquest, its waves have broken over them as changelessly as the billows of the Egean over their rocky headlands. Their conquerors and rulers have been but as spray along their coasts. Crete remained Greek to the core while Roman, Saracen, Venetian, Egyptian, and Turk came and went.

At MARCUS KALLIMAKIS'S FARM.

The sun of the bright Spring morning seemed a deliciously blended chord of music, fragrance, and wine, which stirred every sense with the joy of living. The eternal snows upon the towering crest of Mount Ida became a genial haze that mingled softly with the fleecy clouds lying motionless in the depths of the blue sky.

The mountain's slopes were covered with growth of olive and myrtle, with leaves of vivid green, freshly damped to greet the Spring. Still farther down were stone-walled fields, in which men followed rude plows drawn by slow oxen, or dug with heavy, cumbersome hoes. There were rustic but comfortable farmhouses, straggling together, their white walls gleaming white as marble under the bright rays. By the sea's edge rose the domes of mosques and steeples of churches of populous Candia, with stately spires filling the harbor. Away to the horizon stretched the blue waters of the queenly Egean, basking in the light and warmth of a perfect day, with scarcely a breath of air to disturb their mirror-like smoothness.

On a level plateau, in full sight of all this, was the farm of Marcus Kallimakis, the wealthiest farmer in the Vilayet, and his house and its surroundings were of clearly superior order to those of his neighbors.

From one building to another in the wall-enclosed grounds went with light step the graceful forms of his household maidens attending to the multifarious duties of the prosperous homestead. There were bees to watch, poultry to care for, silkworms to attend, flax to spin and weave and spread upon the grass to bleach, milk, cheese, and butter to put through their various processes, and food to prepare for the men who tilled the soil.

Moving actively and these, superintending, directing, and sharing in their work, was the widowed Kallimakis's only child, Ida, the most beautiful girl in all Crete, whose loveliness suffused the whole household as the sun did the fair island.

To see her in her simple, graceful garb of a Cretan maiden was to realize the exquisite ideals which inspired the ancient painters and sculptors.

Daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair, The eye of every beholder rested admiringly upon her, and he felt a loss when she passed out of sight. Face and form were of exquisite symmetry; her countenance shone with intelligence and goodness, and the movements of her supple, lithe body were the poetry of motion.

Scarcely 20 years old, she had taken her mother's place at the head of her father's house, and with her order went hand in hand with kindness to her serving people and a filial affection to her father.

As the sun rose toward the meridian, she stopped and looked over the fields, whither her father had gone with his men at daylight.

"There father comes," she said at length. "Hasten and make ready for him."

And while her maidens spread the table for his midday meal, she sped down the path with agile steps to greet a middle-aged man with ruddy face and beard slightly touched with gray, who came riding leisurely toward the house upon a fat and none-too-sprightly pony.

Marcus Kallimakis sprang from his saddle as alertly as a young lover, and taking his winsome daughter in his strong arms, kissed her fondly.

"How has it been with thee this morning, Stasos?" he said caressingly, as he took her hand, and started for the house. "Have the bees hummed cheerily? How went the churning? How much silk has been wound? Was Kalista able to get out of bed? And did the postman bring thee a note from Basil Kanakis?"

She started to answer his questions, but at the last, his blushing face upon his shoulder, and whispered:

"Ay."

"Well, well, thou needst not be ashamed of it," he laughed cheerily, putting his arm around her and drawing her closer to him. "But in a few many a day, the finest in these parts, though he has done everything fighting the cursed Osmanli. Not that I love them any better than he does, but fighting and farming are two different trades which go not well together. And so long as the foul brood of Islam holds those fertile islands, a way of his kind (and Candia) and rule our soil, it is well to abide them as best we can. It is better to pay their tithes, heavy though they be, and endure their insults, than to fight them, at least until God inclines the hearts of Christians beyond the seas to help us, which I daily pray for."

"And he will in His own good time," said the maiden reverently.

"Holy Saint Titos, patron of this isle, intercede thou with Him to speed the day," added the father crossing himself and raising his eyes to Heaven. "Basil comes honestly by his fighting blood," he continued more playfully, "as he does by everything else—even thee, Stasos, for I am sure that thou hast been in love with him ever since thou wert able to speak. No man with the blood of the great Admiral Kanakis in his veins can be caught but a fighter and a biter of the Osmanli. Then, his mother was a Spahkoti maiden, and he has not a cousin or an uncle whose name is pleasing to the Turkish ear. Terrible fellows, those Spahkots. They at least have never ruled their necks to the yoke, no matter who ruled this island. But I would that Basil had less of ven and more of the peaceful lowlander in him, for he must succeed me and care for thee and all this property under the hand of the merciless Moslem."

"Fear nothing, father," said she soothingly. "Time and I will tame him down to a quiet-loving citizen. But thou must be very hungry. Come into the house, let me bathe thy face and hands, and give thee something to eat. Thou art but little at break of day, and it has been long since thou must be really faint from lack of food."

They entered the cool house together. With towels of fine linen, dipped in water in which the fragrant buds of the myrtle had been distilled, she removed from his face and hands the grime of the fields, and they sat down to a little table, where maidens served them with a meal of white bread, butter and cheese, and raisins and figs and thin wine, all furnished by their own fertile acres.

Scarcely had they begun when a maid tripped in, calling gleefully:

"Papa Demetrios is coming! Papa Demetrios is coming!"

Father and daughter rose and hurried to greet the venerable, well-loved priest, who was always a welcome guest at their home. Marcus Kallimakis carefully helped the old man from his saddle. The priest sighed audibly as he walked slowly and painfully into the house.

"Your rheumatism does, dear Papa?" asked Ida, as she bathed his neck and hands with the perfumed water. "Come, sit at the table, and thou wilt feel better after eating something."

"No, child; I desire naught to eat. My appetite is gone, as thou wilt be, for it is far worse than rheumatism that troubles me. Would to God there were nothing worse than twinges and pains in this worn-out old body of mine. God's grace would make them supportable."

"What can be the matter, Papa?" cried Marcus and his daughter in one breath.

The priest's face became even more intensely sorrowful. "Well, my children, nothing is gained by going about the bush in telling bad news. Ye must know it, and it is far better that ye know it all at once and have the worst. It is this: Suleiman Pasha, our scourged Vail, has resolved to present Ida to the Sultan as his harem."

Ida screamed, and caught hold of her father convulsively. Marcus's ruddy face became ashy.

"It cannot be," moaned Ida.

"It will be," said the priest.

"It is against our laws; against the Porte's solemn promises to the other Nations and to us," said the father, speaking slowly and painfully.

"How much do those count?" asked the priest sorrowfully. "When has there been any other law in Crete than the lusts and will of the Islam dogs whom God for His inscrutable purposes permits to rule over and oppress us?"

"What has brought this about?" asked the father, sinking into a chair and fixing his eyes upon the priest's face.

"Suleiman has been rapidly losing favor at Stamboul of late," answered the priest,

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a division now, it will not stop, but will go on until we reach the city of Mexico, which is a eternal war. The United States does not must assert its authority, wherever it once had power; for, if it relaxes one bit to pressure, it is gone, and I believe that the National feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of Union. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and instead of devoting your houses and your roads to the dread uses of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may, and I will not let a single individual resist a torrent of error and passion, such as swept the South into rebellion, but you can point out, so that we may know those who desire a Government, and those who insist on war and its devastation.

You might as well appeal against the thunderstorm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home, is to stop the war, which can only be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride.

We don't want your houses and your houses, or your houses, or your lands, or anything you have, but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and, if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we cannot help it.

You have heretofore read public sentiment in our newspapers that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters the better. I repeat then that, by the original compact of Government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia, which have never been relinquished and never will be; that the South began war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, customhouses, etc., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I myself have been in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from their armies and desperadoes, hungry and with bleeding feet, in Memphis, Tennessee, and Mississippi we fed thousands upon thousands of the families of rebel soldiers left on our hands, and when we could not starve. Now that war comes home to you, you feel very different. You deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car-loads of soldiers and ammunition and loaded shells and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, to desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people who only asked to live in peace at their old homes and under the Government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and war can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war with a view to perfect and early success.

But, my dear sir, when peace does come, you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter.

Now you must go, and take with you the old and feeble, feed and nurse them, and build for them, in more quiet places, proper habitations to shield them against the weather until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace to return, and "your old homes at Atlanta." Yours in haste,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General commanding.

SHERMAN CLOSES THE CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 14, 1864.

Gen. J. B. HOOD, commanding Army of the Tennessee, Confederate Army.

GENERAL: Yours of Sept. 12th is received, and has been carefully perused. I agree with that this discussion by two soldiers of place, and profits; but you must admit that you began the controversy by characterizing an official act of mine in unfair and improper terms; I reiterate my former answer, and to the only new matter contained in your rejoinder add: We have no "negro allies" in this army; not a single negro soldier left Chattanooga with this army, or with it now. There are a few guarding the prisoners which Gen. Sherman sent at one time to drive Wheeler out of Dalton.

I was not bound by the laws of war to give notice of the shelling of Atlanta, "forts, arsenals, mints, customhouses, etc., and public stores," you were bound to take notice. See the books.

This is the conclusion of our correspondence, which I did not begin, and terminate with satisfaction. I am, with respect, your obedient servant.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General commanding.

HALLECK APPROVES.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, Sept. 25, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. SHERMAN, Atlanta, Ga.

GENERAL: Your communications of the 20th in regard to the removal of families from Atlanta, and the exchange of prisoners, are just received. I have not had time as yet to examine your report. The course which you have pursued in removing rebel families from Atlanta, and in the exchange of prisoners, are fully approved by the War Department. Not only are you justified by the laws and usages of war in removing these people, but I think it was your duty to your own army to do so. Moreover, I am fully of opinion that the nature of your position, the character of the war, the conduct of the campaign, and the safety of non-combatants and women of the territory which we have heretofore conquered and occupied, will justify you in gathering up all the families of the country, and sending them to the rear, and for your supply in your march farther into the enemy's country. Let the disloyal families of the country, then, stripped, go to their husbands, fathers, and natural protectors, in the rebel ranks; we have tried three years of conciliation and kindness without any reciprocity on the contrary, those thus treated have acted as spies and guerrillas, and our soldiers are not required to treat the so-called non-combatant rebels better than they themselves treat each other. Even here in Virginia, within 50 miles of Washington, they strip their own families of provision, leaving their own army advances, to be fed by us, or to starve within our lines. We have fed this class of people long enough. Let them go with their husbands and fathers, the rebel ranks; and if they won't go, we must send them to their friends and natural protectors. I would destroy every mill and factory within reach which I did not want for my own use. This the rebels have done, nearly in every State and Pennsylvania, but also in Virginia and other rebel States, when compelled to fall back before our armies. In many sections of the country they have not left a mill to grind grain for their own suffering families, lest we might use them to supply our armies. We must do the same.

I have endeavored to impress these views upon our commanders for the last year. You are almost the only one who has properly applied them. I do not approve of Gen. Hunter's course in burning private houses or useless country fathers and natural protectors. But I approve of taking or destroying whatever may serve as supplies to us or to the enemy's army.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK, Major-General, Chief of Staff.

In order to effect the exchange of prisoners, to facilitate the exodus of the people of Atlanta, and to keep open

communication with the South, we established

### A NEUTRAL CAMP.

at and about the railroad station next south of Atlanta, known as "Rough and Ready," to which point I dispatched

Lieut.-Col. Willard Warner, of my staff, with a guard of 100 men, and Gen. Hood sent Col. Clare, of his staff, with a similar guard; these officers and men harmonized perfectly, and parted good friends when their work was done. In the meantime I also had reconnoitered the entire rebel lines about Atlanta, which were well built, but were entirely too extensive to be held by a single corps or division of troops, so I instructed Col. Poe, United States Engineers, on my staff, to lay off an inner and shorter line, susceptible of defense by a smaller garrison.

By the middle of September all these matters were in progress, the reports of the past campaign were written up and dispatched to Washington, and our thoughts began to turn toward the future. Admiral Farragut had boldly and successfully run the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay, which resulted in the capture of Fort Morgan, so that Gen. Canby was enabled to begin his regular operations against Mobile City, with a view to open the Alabama River to navigation. My first thoughts were to concert operations with him, either by way of Montgomery, Ala., or by the Appalachian; but so long a line, to be used as a base for further operations eastward, was not advisable, and I concluded to await the initiative of the enemy, supposing that he would be forced to resort to some desperate campaign by the clamor raised at the South on account of the great loss to them of the City of Atlanta.

Gen. Thomas occupied a house on Marietta street, which had a veranda with high pillars. We were sitting there one evening talking about things generally, when Gen. Thomas asked leave to send his trains back to Chattanooga for the convenience and economy of forage. I inquired of him if he supposed we would be allowed much rest at Atlanta, and he said he thought we would, or that at all events it would not be prudent for us to go much farther into Georgia because of our already long line of communication, viz, 300 miles from Nashville. This was true; but there we were, and we could not afford to remain on the defensive, simply holding Atlanta and fighting for the safety of its railroad. I insisted on his retaining all trains, and on keeping all his divisions ready to move at a moment's warning. All the army, officers and men seemed to

RELAX MORE OR LESS, and sink into a condition of idleness.

Gen. Schofield was permitted to go to Knoxville to look after matters in his Department of the Ohio; and Gens. Blair and Logan went home to look after politics. Many of the regiments were entitled to, and claimed, their discharge, by reason of the expiration of their term of service; so that with victory and success came also many causes of disintegration.

The rebel Gen. Wheeler was still in Middle Tennessee, threatening our railroads, and rumors came that Forrest was on his way from Mississippi to the same theater, for the avowed purpose of breaking up our railroads and compelling us to fall back on our conquest. To prepare for this, or any other emergency, I ordered Newton's Division, of the Fourth Corps, back to Chattanooga, and Corse's Division, of the Seventeenth Corps, to Rome, and instructed Gen. Rousseau at Nashville, Granger at Decatur and Steadman at Chattanooga, to adopt the most active measures to protect and insure the safety of our roads.

Hood still remained about Lovejoy's Station, and up to the 15th of September, had given no signs of his future plans; so that with this date I close the campaign of Atlanta, with the following review of our relative losses during the months of August and September, with a summary of those for the whole campaign, beginning May 6 and ending Sept. 15, 1864. The losses for August and September are added together, so as to include those about Jonesboro:

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.—(MAJ.-GEN. THOMAS.)

Corps.	Killed and Missing.	Wounded.	Total.
Fourth (Stanley)...	106	416	522
Fourteenth (Dyer)...	444	1,809	2,253
Twentieth (Wills)...	71	189	260
Total.....	621	2,414	3,035

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.—(MAJ.-GEN. O. O. HOWARD.)

Corps.	Killed and Missing.	Wounded.	Total.
Fifteenth (Logan)...	143	439	582
Sixteenth (Dodge)...	40	217	257
Seventeenth (Blair)...	102	286	388
Total.....	285	942	1,227

ARMY OF THE OHIO.—(MAJ.-GEN. SCHOFIELD.)

Corps.	Killed and Missing.	Wounded.	Total.
Twentieth-third (Co.)...	186	579	765
Cavalry (Gerrard)...	256	132	388
Artillery (McCook)...	442	41	